

As often as we eate. By th'Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: He potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the diuell.

Ans. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
With onely suffring staine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Custome gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Ans. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
(Tis South the City Mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my journey.

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the
people, Sicinius & Brutus.*

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall haue Newes to
night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
they loue not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would
the Noble *Martius*.

Brut. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe.
You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske
you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you
two haue not in abundance?

Brut. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.

Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how
you are censured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th'right
hand File, do you?

Both. Why? ho ware we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not
be angry.

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe
of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience:

Giue your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your
pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in
being so: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your
helpes are many, or else your actions would growe won-
drous single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for dooing
much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn
your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make
but an Interiour suruey of your good selues. Oh that you
could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discouer a brace of vn-
meriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles)

Sicin. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and
one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alay-
ring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like vpon, to
triuall motion: One, that conuerfes more with the But-
trocke of the night, then with the forehead of the morning.
What I think, I vtter, and spend my malice in my breath.
Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call
you *Lichgusses*), if the drinke you giue me, touch my Pa-
lat aduersly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your
Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde
the Ass in compound, with the Maior part of your syl-
lables. And though I must be content to beare with those,
that say you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly,
that tell you haue good faces, if you see this in the Map
of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well e-
nough too? What harme can your beesome Conspicui-
ties gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne wel-
l-enough too.

Brut. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither mee, your selues, nor any
thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and
legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in
hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forlet-
seller, and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence
to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a
matter betweene party and party, if you chauce to bee
pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mumm-
mers, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and
in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismissthe Controuersie
bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the
peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties
Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee a
perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Benchman
in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they
shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when
you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not woorth the
wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so
honourable a graue, as to stiffe a Botchers Cushion, or to
be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee
saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is
worth all your predecessors, since *Dencalion*, though per-
aduenture some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hang-
men. Godden to your Worships, more of your conuer-
sation would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of
the Beasty Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leaue of
you.

Brut. and Scic.

Aside.

Enter

Enter Volumina, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moene
were thee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow
your Eyes so fast?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* appro-
ches: for the loue of *Iuno* let's goe.

Men. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous
approbation.

Men. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee:
ho, *Martius* comming home?

Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath
another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at
home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reele to night:

A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Men. A Letter for me? it giues me an Estate of se-
uen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at
the Physician: The most soueraigne Prescription in *Galen*,
is but Emperick quetique; and to this Preferuatiue, of no
better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded?
he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Men. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a
Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, hee comes the third
time home with the Oaken Garland.

Men. Ha's he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but
Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him
that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not haue been so
fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold
that's in them. Is the Senate posselt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The
Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues
my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this
action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not with-
out his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Men. True? Ile be sworne they are true: where is
hee wounded, God saue your good Worships? *Martius*
is comming home: hee ha's more cause to be proud:
where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith' Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be
large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand
for his place: he receiued in the repulse of *Tarquin* seuen
hurts ith' Body.

Men. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine
that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie
fine Wounds vpon him.

Men. Now it's twentie seuen; euery gash was an
Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpers.

A Bowe, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Vshers of *Martius*:

Before him, hee carries Noyse;

And behinde him, hee leaues Teares: